

The Turnip-Sack

# GARLAND,

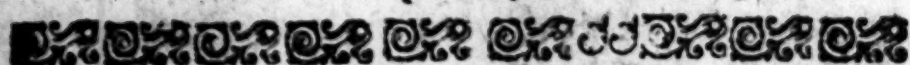
Containing three Excellent

*New* SONGS.

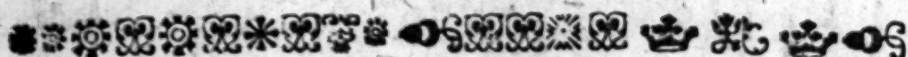
- I The London Whore out-witted: or, the Devil  
catch'd in a Turnip Sack.
- II. The Careful Maiden.
- III. A Yorkshire Bite put upon the Biter; or the  
Highwayman catch'd in his own Trep!



Licensed and entered according to Order



# The Turnip-Sack Garland.



1st. *The London Whore out-witted; Or, The Devil  
catcht in a Turnip-sack.*

To a New Tune.

**A**LL you that love a merry joke,  
Come listen unto my song,  
It's pretty good and upon my Word  
You shall not tarry long;  
Before 'twill make laugh and fill,  
Then mind but what I say,  
'Tis now put in Rhime to pass away Time,  
And to drive our dull Thoughts away.



It's of a *London* Prentice,  
Who lived near *Cheap-side*,  
One Evening shutting up his shop,  
He a beautiful Female 'spy'd;  
A Bargain with her straight was struck,  
And thus it was as I live,  
If she'd consent to lye with him,  
Ten Guineas he'd freely give.

The Lady she consented,  
And you shall understand,  
His Lodgings was in his Master's Shop,  
In a Closet just at hand;  
In which he lock'd his lovely Saint,  
All wapt in Sattin fine,

My

My Jear. said he, with Patience stay,  
And I'll come in an Honr's Time.

The Supper being over,  
For Bed he did repair,

To meet his amorous Lover,  
Who waited for him there;

With newest Toys, and bleasant Joys,  
They pass'd away the Night;

But for his Master he should know,  
He got up before Morning Light,

He took a Guinea in his Hand,  
And thus to her he said,

*Here take you this and go your way,  
And say that you are well paid.*

The Jade began to curse and ban,  
According unto her Kind,

And swore she would not stir one Foot,  
'Till he gave her the other nine.

Thus standing discontented,  
Just driven to his Wit's-end,

A porter chanc'd to come by,  
That was his faithful Friend;

In Tears he told the Story,  
And thus to him reply'd

A Guinea to her with her Cloaths  
If you'll carry her off, he cry'd.

The Porter made no more to do,  
But he pop'd her in his Sack

The 'Prentice being helpful too,  
He hoisted her on his Back;

But first of all they gag'd her Mouth,  
That she ne'er a Word can say;

And having gotten her fairly up,  
He carry'd ner quite away.

And coming to *Stocks-Market*,  
E're Day-light, there he found,

Seventeen Sacks of Turnips,  
 Stood ty'd upon the Ground;  
 He set his Sack amongst the rest,  
 Without any more ado,  
 Then pray give Ear, and you shall here,  
 The frolick which did ensue.

It was early in the Morning,  
 No Day-light to be seen;  
 The Higler and the Countryman,  
 Had both at the Ale-house been;  
 The Bargain it was fairly made,  
 The Turnips all out ta'en,  
 That so the honest Contryman,  
 Might have his Sacks again.

And coming to untie the Sacks,  
 It fell upon the Floor  
 And as he did amazed stood,  
 With a Pop out jump'd a Whore,  
 Naked as ever she was born,  
 This frighted on every Side,  
 Running up the Streets unto all they met,  
 Oh! the Devil is coming they cry'd.

As they scampered in the Streets  
 As fast as they could run,  
 The first they met was a Tallyman,  
 And a Bailiff of the Bum;  
 They askt the Cause of all their Haste,  
 They turn'd and thus reply'd,  
 The Devil had got in a Turnip-Sack,  
 And is coming behind they cry'd.  
 No sooner had they heard these Words,  
 But they turn'd and there espy'd,  
 The Whore coming running up the Street,  
 With a lamentable brawny Hide:  
 The Tally-man fell on his Knees,  
 And like a Calf did roar;



O save my life, dear Devil said he,  
And I'll never more cheat the Poor.

The next the meet was a Watchman,  
With his Light and Staff in his Hand,  
As soon as he saw her coming,  
With the Fright he was at a Stand;  
His Staff and Light he then threw down,  
And away to the Watch-house he hy'd,  
In a horrid Fright without Staff or Light,  
Oh! the Devil the Devil he cry'd.

Thus sorely flatter'd almost out of her Wit,  
She stagger'd and star'd like a Mummy,  
At last good fortune did hit,  
By chance she got home fairly,  
Where we will leave her for a while,  
To settle at home, and to spin;  
And when she has gotten more Cloaths on her Back,  
She may set up her Trade again.

Come all the Bites of London,  
Which through the City range;  
From Southwark to Westminster,  
And from Limbouse to the Change:  
You see the World's deceitful,  
The Men are hard to trust,  
Pray never do like this poor Whore,  
But take care of your Money first.

*The Careful Maiden,*

**I**N holy day Gown and a new fangled *Hat*,  
 Last *Monday* I tript to the Fair,  
 I held up my Head and I'll tell you for why  
 Young *Roger* I guess'd would be there;  
 He woo'd me to marry when ever we meet,  
 The honey sure dwells on his Tongue,  
 He hug'd me so close, and he kiss'd me so sweet,  
*I would, I would marry, if I was not too young.*

*Pat*, still I assure you held on the bay,  
 You *Susan* would fain be his Bride :  
 Some Token she clam'd either Ribbon or Toy,  
 And said she would not be deny'd;  
 A Top Knot he bought her, and Garters green,  
 The Girl was confounded and stung,  
 I lov'd him so much that for Anger and Spleen,  
*I would, I would marry, if I was not too young,*

He whisper'd such pretty soft Things in my Ear,  
 He flatter'd, he prest, and he swore,  
 Such Trinkets he gave me, such Laces and Gee,  
 That filled my Pockets all o'er;  
 Some Ballads he bought me the, best he could find,  
 And sweetly the Sonnet he sung,  
 In Truth he's so witty, so handsome and so kind,  
*I would, I would marry, if I was not too young.*

The Sun just a setting, it's Time to retire,  
 Our Cottage was distant a Mile,  
 I rose to begone, *Roger* bow'd like a 'Squire,  
 And handed me over the Stile;  
 His Arms he threw round me love was his Eye,  
 He led me the Meadows along,  
 I did tremble and sing, and could not tell why,  
*Then I found, then I found, that I was not too young.*  
 Yorkshire

Yorkshire Bite *put upon the* Bitter ; or, the HIGH  
WAYMAN catch'd in his own Trap.

**I**F you please to draw near while the Truth I declare  
Of a Farmer that lived in Hertfordshire,  
A pretty Yorkshire Boy he had for a Man,  
For to do his Business whose Name it was John.

One Morning right early he called his Man,  
And when he unto him was come,  
He said, take yon Cow this Day to the Fair,  
She is in good order and I can her spare.

Away went this Boy with the Cow in a Band,  
And came to the Fair as we do understand;  
So in a little Time he met with three Men,  
And he sold one of them his Cow for six Poundten

They went to his Master's Host-house for to drink;  
And the Farmer he paid the Boy down his chink,  
The Boy to the Landlady thus he did say,  
O what must I do with my Money pray.

I'll sew it within thy Coat lining said she,  
For fear on the Road you robbed should be;  
But there was a Highwayman drinking of Wine  
Thought he to himself now the money is mine.

The Boy took his Leave and homewards did go,  
And the Highwayman followed after also;  
Who soon overtook him upon the Highway,  
Now, well overtaken young Men he did say.

Will you get up behind me, the Highwayman said,  
How far are you going replied the Lad;  
Three or four Miles further for ought that I know  
So he got up behind him and away he did go.

They rode till they came into a dark Lane,  
Then the Highwayman said, I must tell thee plain,  
Deliver thy Money without any Strife,  
Or else I certainly will take thy sweet Life.

He



He found there was no Time to dispute,  
 So he jump'd from behind him without Fear or doubt:  
 He tore his Coat Lining and his money pull'd out,  
 And amongst the long Grass he strew'd it about.

The Highwayman instantly lighted from his Horse,  
 But little did dream that it was for his Loss;  
 Before he could find all the Money they lay,  
 The Boy jump'd on Horseback and then rode away.

The Highwayman shoutted and bid him to stay,  
 The Boy would not hear him, but kept on his Way  
 Then to his old Master the Boy he did bring,  
 Horse, Saddle, and Bridle, a very fine thing.

His Master he came to the door and said thus,  
 What a Pox is the Cow, Sirrah turn'd to a Horse,  
 The Boy said Your Cow, good Master I sold,  
 But was Robb'd on the Road by Highwayman bold

My Money I strewed about on the Ground,  
 Then to take it up the Rogue lighted down;  
 And while he was putting it into his Purse,  
 To make him amends I come home with his Horse.

The Master he laugh'd till his Sides he did hold,  
 And said, for a Boy thou hast been very bold,  
 And as for the Villain thou hast served him right,  
 And put upon him a clean Yorkshire Bite.

They opened the Bags and quickly they told,  
 Two hundred Pounds in Silver and Gold,  
 With two Case of Pistols, the Boy said I vow,  
 I think now good Master I've sold well your Cow.

The Boy for his Courage and Valour so rare,  
 Three Parts of the Money he got for his Share;  
 And since that the Highwayman has lost his store,  
 He may go a Robbing untill he gets more.